

ROBERT G. LANZIT

The Bar at the Holiday Inn, Perrysburg, Ohio

Long lumpy, the red rail
This night and every night
Shined by elbows
Dug in to help
Outstare the bottles.

Slouched by the register,
A barmaid observes
Her private aquarium,
Schoolfish nearly motionless
But for the peculiar
Lip oscillations
“where ya from?”
“I gotta brother there.”

Hardly the Houston
Petroleum Club
But it sure helps
Suck sand
Through the glass.